

## The Critic

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### Alcott's Effect on his Friends.

WHO can tell what final impression a man will make on the future? Contemporary fame is deceptive; yet who can withstand the fascination of looking at a man in the light of his own age? Some men stand alone in their centuries, and belong to all time, separated, distinct from their environments; while others need to be studied with their times, and are so intimately connected with its thoughts, and feelings, and actions, that to take them out of their setting is to deprive them of their chief lustre. Amos Bronson Alcott is a man that preëminently ought to be studied together with his surroundings. The period in New England half a century ago was marked by certain strong tendencies, and we always see Alcott thoroughly sympathetic with them; and indeed his exaggerations are softened and beautified in contemplating the exaggerations of the period.

Before we look into the character of Alcott by gleaning here and there from those that best knew him, let us borrow Carlyle's eyes and look at his outside man; for Carlyle loved him, and perhaps the portrait will not be too whimsical.

He is a genial, innocent, simple-hearted man, of much natural intelligence, and goodness, with an air of rusticity, veracity, and dignity withal, which in many ways appeals to one. The good Alcott with his long, lean face and figure, with his gray, worn temples, and mild, radiant eyes; all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age; he comes before one like a kind of venerable Don Quixote, whom nobody can even laugh at without loving!

And Emerson writes to Margaret Fuller that 'Alcott has more of the godlike than any man I have ever seen, and his presence rebukes, and threatens, and raises.'

The reference by Carlyle to 'saving the world by a return to acorns' is of course to Alcott's vegetarian principles (Carlyle dubbed it 'the potato gospel'). He was often twitted upon this peculiarity of his; and there is a very amusing anecdote related by Mr. Frothingham which has it that once Alcott 'was arguing the point with a sagacious man of the world, and urged as a reason for abstinence from animal food that one thereby distanced the animal; for the eating of beef encouraged the bovine quality, and the pork diet repeats the trick of Circe, and changes men into swine. "But," rejoined the friend, "if abstinence from animal food leaves the animal out, does not partaking of vegetable food put the vegetable in? I presume the potato diet will change man into a potato. And what if the potatoes be small?"

Lowell has his little twit at Alcott's vegetarian diet in the lines:

For his highest conceit of a happiest state is  
Where they'd live upon acorns, and hear him talk gratis.

Aside from his theories, he was certainly a lovable man, and was beloved by his friends, yet from a letter of Emerson's to Carlyle in 1840, we learn that, like all really independent men, he had his detractors:

I see that some of the education people in England have a school called 'Alcott House' after my friend. At home here he is despised and rejected of men as much as was ever Pestalozzi. But the creature thinks and talks, and I am glad and proud of my neighbor.

Three years before, Emerson had written to Margaret Fuller: 'If he cannot make intelligent men feel the presence of a superior nature, the worse for them; I can never doubt him.' It took some time for even his best friends to really become acquainted with his true nature. Margaret Fuller, usually so acute in her judgments of people, writes to Emerson in 1839:

Three things were specially noteworthy. First, a talk with Mr. Alcott, in which he appeared to me so great, that I am inclined to think he deserves your praise, and that he deceived neither you nor himself in saying that I had not yet seen him. Beside his usual attitude and closeness to the ideal, he shew'd range, grasp, power of illustration, and precision of statement such as I never saw in him before. I will begin him again and read by faith a while."

And Emerson writes to Carlyle three years later:

I do not wish to bespeak any courtesies or good or bad opinion concerning him. You may love him, or you may hate him, or apathetically pass by him, as your genius shall dictate; only I entreat this, that you do not let him go quite out of your reach until you are sure you have seen him and know for certain the nature of the man.

But 'the nature of the man' once known, his friends cannot say too great things of him. Dr. Channing writes in a letter: 'Mr. Alcott little suspects how my heart goes out to him.' Emerson has a record in his journal of 1837.

Yesterday Alcott left us, after a three days' visit. The most extraordinary man, and the highest genius of his time. He ought to go publishing through the land his gospel, like them of old time. Wonderful is the steadiness of his vision. The scope and steadiness of his eye at once rebuke all before it, and we little men creep about ashamed.

Even the unsociable Thoreau says of him:

I think he must be the man of the most faith of any alive. A true friend of man; almost the only friend of human progress. He is perhaps the sanest man, and has the fewest crotchetts of any I chance to know,—the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.

One of the Transcendentalists, in this as in all other respects, he had an exaggerated fondness for talking. The men of the period were so weighty in personality that their written words always lost somewhat which their conversation possessed. Margaret Fuller says of herself: 'Conversation is my natural element. I need to be called out. This writing is mighty dead. Oh, for my dear old Greeks, who talked everything!' Even with our dozen of his volumes, who does not envy the generation that heard Emerson? As Lowell said: 'We do not go to hear what Emerson says so much as to hear Emerson.' And so, it is no wonder that Alcott was more of a man than an author. Even his friend Emerson says:

His fine conversations were incomprehensible to some and they had their revenge in their little joke. One declared that 'it seemed to him like going to Heaven in a swing'; another reported that at a knotty point in the discourse, a sympathizing Englishman with a squeaking voice interrupted with the question—'Mr. Alcott, a lady near me desires to inquire whether *omnipotence abnegates attribute?*'

And Lowell in his 'Fable for Critics' devotes the following to Alcott:

Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott stalks in a dream,  
And fancies himself in thy groves, Academe,  
With the Parthenon nigh, and the olive-trees o'er him,  
And never a fact to perplex him or bore him,  
With a snug room at Plato's when night comes to walk to,  
And people from morning till midnight to talk to,  
And from midnight till morning, nor snore in their listening.  
\* \* \* \* \*

And indeed, I believe, no man ever talked better.—  
Each sentence hangs perfectly poised to a letter.  
\* \* \* \* \*

While he talks he is great, but goes out like a taper,  
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink and paper.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Indeed, as in all things, a lamb among men,  
He goes to sure death when he goes to his pen.

The reference to the 'Academie,' the 'Parthenon,' and 'Plato' are sly hits at Alcott's rare affinity with Greek thought.

Mr. Frothingham says: 'While Mr. Emerson's idealism was nourished by the genius of India, Mr. Alcott's was fed by the speculation of Greece'; and Emerson testifies to it in his 'Notes on Life and Letters in Massachusetts': 'There was always one well-known form, a pure idealist; who read Plato as an equal.'

And now we come to a sad weakness in Alcott's beautiful character. He really could be convicted of the fault which people have been too prone to attribute generically and vaguely to the Transcendentalists: he could not bring himself down to cope (at the expense of action, he thought), with real life. He seems to have been a man swayed by the grandest ideas, and yet to have been unable to carry them out to their practical possibilities. It is to this idealistic tendency of Alcott's that Lowell gives his thrust when he says: 'And never a fact to perplex him or to bore him.' Emerson, while admitting the limitations of Alcott's mind, yet praises his breadth of vision—the vision that can perceive general principles just in overlooking small negatives that might come in the way. He says in his journal of 1846:

Alcott looks at everything in larger angles than any other, and by good right, should be the greatest man. But it is found, though his angles are of so generous contents, the lines do not meet; the apex is not quite defined. We must allow for the refraction of the lens, but it is the best instrument I have ever met with.

This, from the same pen, is sadder:

We have seen an intellectual *torso*, without hands or feet, without any organ whereby to reproduce his thought in any form of art whatever,—and only working by presence and supreme intelligence, as a test and standard of other minds.

Carlyle writes to Emerson:

He is a great man and was made for what is greatest, but I now fear that he has already touched what best he can, and through his more than a prophet's egotism, and the absence of all useful reconciling talents, will bring nothing to pass, to be but a voice in the wilderness.

But, 'take him all in all,' his was a grand life, a constant protest against bigotry, dependence, and luxury. He could easily reconcile contraries in the breadth of his existence. He did his part toward the solution of the labor and culture problem, as Frothingham says, 'by supporting himself by manual labor in Concord, working during the summer in field and garden, and in winter chopping wood in the village woodlands, all the time keeping his mind intent on high thoughts.' Thoreau was not the only one to give a lesson in simplicity to his fellow-men, though he did it with more flaunting. Dr. Channing writes:

One of my dearest ideas and hopes is the union of *labor* and *culture*. I wish to see labor honored and united with the free development of the intellect and heart. Mr. Alcott, hiring himself out for day labor, and at the same time living in a region of high thought, is perhaps the most interesting object in our commonwealth. I do not care much for Orpheus in *The Dial*, but Orpheus at the plough is after my own heart. There he teaches a grand lesson, more than most of us.

It seems strange that only yesterday a man was living among us all that had seen our American life gradually unfold itself throughout the century. Our country is greatly changed since the day when in his prime Alcott ardently longed for its ideal perfection, and many of his romantic dreams must have become 'perplexing facts' ere the day when he was 'made one with Nature.'

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

### Reviews

#### Mr. Lowell's "Heart's-Ease and Rue."<sup>\*</sup>

THE advent of a new and true poet or the return of an old and true one, must be counted as an angel-visit in the world of letters, to be met with thankful all-hail. Such elate and expectant welcome greets him whose name is it—

\* *Heart's-Ease and Rue.* By James Russell Lowell. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

self a sort of liquid Castalian music, recalling the rippling brook, the dripping spring, and soft summer rainfalls. This pure and pensive colored volume bears a flower-title, for the fruitful germ of which we might go back to an earlier verse,—

Ah me, where the Past sowed heart's-ease,  
The Present plucks rue for us men.

Herein are lodged the golden harvestings of the last twelve years, besides some 'early verse' and other poems of later date, hitherto uncollected. We open the volume by chance where the whimsical but lovable raconteur of 'Fitz Adam's Story' is characterized as one who once a year

Betrayed his true self by a smile or tear,  
Or rather something sweetly shy and loath,  
Withdrawn ere fully shown, and mixed of both.

Unawares in this passage our poet furnishes a characterization of the rarity, both as to recurrence and quality, of his Muse's favors. Luckily for us these exquisite poisonings between a smile and tear, however 'sweetly shy and loath,' cannot now be withdrawn, but are become a permanent possession. All those qualities which charmed us in the Lowell of earlier years are present in his latest work. 'Fitz Adam's Story' (one of the choicest things in post-Chaucerian story-telling) recalls the piquant flavor of 'The Biglow Papers'; the noble threnody with which the volume opens vibrates with the same lofty and thrilling spirit that charged the 'Commemoration Ode'; while such poems as that 'To Holmes on His Birthday' (first printed in *THE CRITIC*) and the 'Epistle to George William Curtis,' with its touching yet hope-inspiring 'Postscript,' serve to re-emphasize our impression of the poet's genius for Friendship and for the songs that belong to her genial service. But were we required to give some briefest definition of that which constitutes the charm of Lowell's verse, we could perhaps do no better than to answer—'charm!' Humor, satire, tenderness, high thought by turns stand out from his pages—but Fancy sways all.

She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff them.

Throughout his verse there is a winged, tantalizing, here-and-there-and-everywhere melodious scouting, like that of Ariel playing with the bewildered senses of 'The Tempest's' castaways, now soothingly, now mockingly, but ever 'feately.' He has a blithe and youthful readiness to obey all wand-wavings of that enchanter whom the Scotch call Glamour, and who out of the everyday and disregarded can call thau-maturgic delights. Hence, if a strain of cithern-playing comes to his ear, it suffices to recreate for him all Elf-land, and he hears Oberon's horns

Blow their faint Hunt's-up from the good-time gone.

The pewee's note, faltering through the 'gray of dawn,' holds him wakeful in the mystery-rife twilight until he has outlined a plaintive metamorphosis to match the stories in Ovid. The lovely 'mystical comment' which bears the title of 'Endymion,' and which voices the tortuous ecstasy of the will vibrating between the ideal and the real, is what the Latmian shepherd might have thought in the waking intervals of his moonlight dream. It is easy to fancy that the spirit eyes of Keats—those 'vast quiet eyes' once invoked by the youthful Lowell,—may have rested approvingly on this white page of heart-history. Another poem in this volume, the delicious lines 'With a Sea-Shell,' would not have come alien from the brain of Keats. Also, remembering the bumper proposed to be drunk 'to the confusion of the memory of Newton,' we are not without a surmise that our own Lowell would have connived at such a proceeding—and this despite his felicitous allusion to

the flame-winged feet  
Of Trade's new Mercury,—

despite his cheerful willingness to 'own the poor relationship' (on the simian side)! The 'fairy-tales of science' have for him no such charm as those in the 'Young Worlds'

Mother Goosier.' It is the rich, long-ripened wine of the Eld that most warms his Muse and loosens her golden tongue. Over the shoulder of Francis of Verulam he lightly yet significantly chastises our self-pride of originality, bidding us to remember,

As mummy was prized for its rich hue  
The painter no elsewhere could find,  
So 'twas buried men's thinking with which you  
Gave the ripe mellow tone to your mind.

#### Kuno Fischer's Modern Philosophy.\*

KUNO FISCHER'S work on the history of modern philosophy is decidedly original in method and comprehensive in scope; it shows a thorough grasp of the subject, and is written in a direct and forcible manner. The student is drawn to it, because it is not a mere compilation of facts and dates, like so many works on the subject. It presents first principles, and announces the underlying influences which have caused systems of philosophy to rise and fall. The author lays the foundations of his study of the subject deep and broad, the first part of the book, comprising 150 pages, being introductory to the special study of Descartes and the other founders of modern philosophy. This introduction is of special value, as a comprehensive survey of the course of philosophic thinking to the time of Descartes. It outlines the course of development of Greek philosophy, interprets the intellectual spirit of Christianity, defines the meaning of scholasticism, unfolds the significance of the Renaissance, and sets forth the new ideas which resulted in Protestantism. The merit of these chapters is, that they are clear and readable, simple in statement and forcible in expression; and that they bring out most happily the relations of modern thought to these preceding forms of intellectual activity. We know of no other discussion of the whole subject so suggestive and stimulating for the general student, or conveying so much valuable information in a manner so effective.

The present volume discusses the life, works and influence of Descartes. The succeeding volumes will be translated if the present is received with sufficient favor. We sincerely hope this result will follow. The study of Descartes is thorough and masterly. His biography is given with something of fulness, and yet with constant reference to his career as a philosophical thinker. Then his system of philosophy is unfolded with the same directness and simplicity of statement which marked the introduction; and concluding chapters show in what way his philosophy was modified by his disciples in France and Holland. In this study Fischer not merely reproduces and interprets the system of Descartes; but shows how it grew out of preceding philosophies, and especially how it absorbed these and reproduced them in a new and higher form, and thus became the foundation for modern philosophy. Such a work as this is something more than a history of philosophical speculations; it is also a history of the growth of the intellectual process in civilized man.

#### Sharp's "Shelley."†

SHELLEY is so fascinating a subject for the sympathetic and imaginative critic, that it is no wonder if biographies of him continue to pour forth like fire-flies. It is like writing of an elf or an aerial creature that once actually abode on earth and left behind it traces of tingling and many-colored fire. Such a poetic will-o'-the wisp does not often visit this prosaic globe of ours: it is like the visit of some gorgeous *demi-ville bleue* or empyreal dragon-fly, whose radiant presence left a witchery behind, and after whose vanishing loveliness longing eyes looked up into heaven in vain. The latest disciple lingering on the hill of this poetic

\* History of Modern Philosophy. By Kuno Fischer. Vol. I. Descartes and His School. Translated from the third German edition by J. P. Gordy. Edited by Noah Porter. \$3.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

† Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By W. Sharp. 40c. (Great Writers Series.) New York: Thomas Whittaker.

ascension is Mr. William Sharp, an accomplished Englishman who writes of his author with true love and yet with true discernment. He takes Dowden's great nine-dollar biography (already reviewed in THE CRITIC) and works it down into one of the choicest *morceau*-biographies we have ever read—artistic, well-proportioned, refined, and full, touching with cultured instinct all the salient angles and facets of his wondrous dragon-fly, bringing out its exquisite colors in this or that play of light, emphasizing its springing and immortal ardor, and showing withal how frail the glittering creature was. No new facts are added to our now abundant knowledge of Shelley, and yet Shelley is new no matter how often we read him or read his poems. Lines hidden from us at one reading by some impish perversity emerge into excelling beauty on days when one's vision is purged and purified to see their beauty. His lines are like that Oriental tree which gives forth a melodious murmur when all the winds are still and all other trees are silent: a murmur mysterious, mighty, far-off, angelic; caught, it is said, from the whorls of ocean-shells, and flowing in leafy volumes through Eastern jungles.

#### A New "Girdle Round the Earth."\*

THE thirty close-packed chapters of this book contain a new record of round-the-world experiences by a gentleman who writes 'family letters' in a sort of metrical prose. Much of this prose is vivid enough—if the metre were only left out, or did not stretch to a 'long metre' of nearly five hundred pages! The book is really much above the average of such globe-encirclings, and might have been an excellent thing if its author had not 'lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.' As it is, one is perpetually embarrassed, as he reads, with the blank-verse structure of the sentences, the rhythmical beats and pauses, and the poetic pulsation that throbs through the hundreds of pages. Mr. Richardson possesses originality, feeling, poetic appreciation, and quick eyes; but he has spoiled his book by the characteristic we speak of. Had he thrown his travels into iambic decasyllables—as they read—we might have understood them better and enjoyed them more. His journeys embrace many places out of the general course: he visited Pekin and Java, Roumania and Poland, Finland and Ceylon, not to speak of India, Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, Russia, and Scandinavia; and of all these he gives abundant descriptions and communicates many new facts. Gleams of humor sparkle through the sea-like expanse of verse and light up the porpoise-like iambs as they glitter and dart through the deep. The missionaries come in for an occasional cudgelling, and manners and customs, national peculiarities and quaint personalities, fill many pages.

#### Ballou's "Under the Southern Cross."†

MR. BALLOU is one of the most indefatigable globe-trotters of our day. Not content with 'Due North,' 'Due South,' 'Due West,' and other 'due' books in which he has recorded his travel-impressions of Europe, Asia, and the West Indies, he has now invaded Australasia, and produced another volume of his 'trottings' over Tasmania, Samoa, the Sandwiches, and Australia. Like the Wandering Jew whirled on by his unceasing restlessness, he might exclaim:

Je suis, je suis le Juif-Errant,  
Qu'un tourbillon toujours emporte,

and then echo the sad refrain,

Toujours, toujours, toujours, toujours.

Were not his travels so thoroughly unpretentious in their style and claims, his readers might lose their patience, and call a halt. As it is, one cannot be harsh to books which, though often indulging in grammatical inadvertences, really convey a good deal of information, endeavor faithfully to

\* A Girdle Round the Earth: Home Letters from Foreign Lands. By D. N. Richardson. \$2. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

† Under the Southern Cross. By M. M. Ballou. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

portray the aspects of the lands they treat of, and make no great demands on the reader's attention. After Froude's 'Oceana,' however—not to speak of his 'West Indies,'—such books as these would seem hopelessly out of place, 'parlous' even, to minds of ordinary intellectual shyness. Now that the great masters of English style are beginning to travel, perhaps the smaller fry will less frequently convert their travel-feathers into quills. Mr. Ballou's tale of cannibals that each other eat,

#### The anthropophagi,

touches off the South Seas saliently enough and gives Americans a good insight into the wonderfully progressive colonies of the Antarctic Circle, their ways and doings, their enormous wealth and material prosperity, and their beautiful and romantic scenery. Anyone on the 'outward bound' voyage will do well to add this volume to his Froude and his missionary biographies, for, though not a guide-book, it contains much practical information of value.

#### Recent Fiction.

HALL CAINE has already given us some very strong and fine work, and 'The Deemster' (D. Appleton & Co.) is a story of unusual power. It is almost too powerful, lightened by hardly a touch of even average incident or character; but certain passages and chapters have an intensely dramatic grasp, and hold the fascinated reader with a force rarely excited nowadays in literature. The story is 'a romance of the Isle of Man,' turning on the character and fate of two brothers and their children: one the Bishop, and one the Deemster, or magistrate. The local color is that of a region almost unknown to us, but discovered to us here as a country thrilling with tragic interest. It is a hard book: cold, stern, terrible; one would almost say lurid, except that the horrors piled up till the agony seems almost too much even for a reader, are too dark to be treated as color of any kind, even of the fierce nature of flame. The Bishop's agony over his wild son, his effort to save him, his refusal to believe him guilty, and his final denunciation of him when his position forces him to be his own child's judge, are given with a dramatic power rare in fiction. It cannot be called a pleasing book, but it is certainly a strong one.

'THE STORY OF JEWAD' is a romance translated by E. J. W. Gibb from the Turkish of 'Ali 'Aziz Efendi (W. S. Gottsberger). It is the second in a collection of tales supposed to have been made in order to exalt the Occult Sciences as practised by the dervishes. 'The Story of Jewad' was selected for translation because it was particularly clear as to the light in which the occult sciences were regarded in Turkey, and contained more details than the others concerning magic ceremonies and Oriental spiritualism, while the portion of it describing the hero's doings in Constantinople gives, aside from what deals with magic, a good idea of a section of life in the Ottoman capital about the close of the last century. This is the translator's plea for giving a book which will appeal only to a very limited class of readers—those in whom is to be found the fiercest form of reaction against realism; but for such it may possess a peculiar interest of its own.—'SNATCHED FROM THE POOR-HOUSE,' by N. J. Clodfelter (T. B. Peterson Bros.), is a book written apparently in the interest of Life Insurance. The heroine is 'snatched' from untold horrors, or rather from horrors quite elaborately told, by the sudden discovery that a short time before he was blown up in a mine explosion, her father had invested in an insurance policy for \$5000. The moral is evident.

'PEASANT WATERS,' by Graham Claytor (J. B. Lippincott Co.), rather belies its name. It is not a pastoral, but an amiable story of the hard times in the South just after the war, when the best and richest had sudden poverty thrust upon them. Neither is the title intended to be sarcastic: 'Pleasant Waters' is the name of the struggling hero, who of course advances to success and wedded happiness under his apparent clouds.—'MINON,' by Frederick W. Pearson (Welles Publishing Co.), is advertised as the first issue of the Elite Library. It is 'a tale of love and intrigue,' and we are not sure whether the publishers mean that it is a story about the élite or for the élite; but we suspect that very few readers except the lovers of extremely sensational dime literature will get beyond the very excitable rhetoric of the first chapter.—'MARVEL' is one of the Duchess's prolonged efforts at literature. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) It tells of a gentleman who loved a naughty and flirtatious widow, then coldly decided to marry his aunt's adopted child, then quarrelled with her, then made it up with her, and finally discovered that she was really the daughter of the widow he had flirted with and heiress to an immense fortune.

'SECTION 558,' by Inspector Byrnes and Julian Hawthorne (Cassell & Co.), seems less spontaneous, and more artful—although by a paradox without any more art,—than the detective stories which have preceded it in the series. It is a question how long the public will care for this sort of literature, which appears to drag a little with Mr. Hawthorne as well as his readers. There is very little action, and a great deal of dry explanation, in 'Section 558,' and when one is through, the game seems hardly worth the candle that flares from the dark lantern on the cover. 'The Fatal Letter' is the sub-title, and the plot turns on mysterious mailing and black-mailing. None of the characters are interesting, and the incidents are highly sensational. To state as a defence that they are true, and actually taken from the Inspector's diary, will only make us feel like the man at the *café* who wanted the contents of his cup changed from tea to coffee, or vice-versa: if this is truth, give us fiction; if this is fiction, give us truth.—'VICTOR,' by Ellery Sinclair (Cassell & Co.), is the story of a youth struggling to control his temper and to ward off a curse supposed to rest upon his family. He goes through a great deal of deserved and undeserved suffering, but of course comes out 'victor.' The story is, however, too sensational, and made up of too unrealistic incidents, to be of much assistance to young men struggling with a temper.

'MISER FAREBROTHER' (Franklin Square Library) is by Farjeon, who has given himself especially to studies of low life and suffering, and who has always made an impression with them. 'Miser Fare-brother' is a little too sensational, but it contains touches of considerable power and pathos; especially in dealing with the 'first night' of an unsuccessful playwright, and the subsequent turn of the tide in his favor.—'SAILOR-BOY BOB' (Phillips & Hunt) is another of those stories for boys in which the Rev. Edward A. Rand mingles much that is excellent with a little of what is unnecessarily sensational. Old portraits with mouldy documents of importance hidden behind them that drop out opportunely to set right family wrongs and give the deserving poor an unexpected inheritance, are not the best sort of literary entertainment for ingenuous youth.—'THE MAN BEHIND,' by T. S. Denison (Chicago: T. S. Denison), is a story of a dual nature: a man of talent though no virtue, who begins life by ruining a young girl, but by ambition and cunning rises to the highest social and political positions. He is finally unmasked, and makes a public confession of his sins, and dies. There is nothing new, either in the theme or the treatment. The motto on the title-page is ambiguous: 'Some secrets belong to ourselves and our intimates; some to ourselves and our God; some to ourselves alone.'

'GENTLE BREADWINNERS,' by Catharine Owen (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a careful and interesting account, evidently realistic, of a young gentlewoman's effort to earn her bread by making cake and preserves for a Woman's Exchange. Its value lies in its perfect truthfulness and evident sincerity; all the difficulties are noted, and the young lady does not make a sudden fortune by inconceivable good luck. Every step she took is described, and the book is a little sermon to girls on the beauty and the effectiveness of patience and perseverance and pluck.—A FINE edition of 'Their Wedding Journey' is issued in cloth, with Hoppin's illustrations, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with the addition of a supplementary chapter on 'Niagara Revisited' twelve years after the bridal tour. The original story has lost none of its charm with time, and the realism of Mr. Howells's supplement must be accepted as very genuine, even at the risk of regretting the blight upon romance.—E. W. HOWE'S 'Moonlight Boy' appears in Ticknor's Paper Series. It will be remembered as less striking perhaps than 'The Story of a Country Town,' but certainly much better than 'The Mystery of the Locks.'—'TWOK,' by Watson Griffin, which we have already noticed as it appeared in paper covers, now comes to us in cloth from Griffin & Kidner, of Hamilton, Ontario.—ONLY a boy would be likely to feel any deep interest in the whaling story of 'The Voyage of the Fleetwing,' by Dr. C. M. Newell (Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.), and for a boy's story it is spoiled by a foolish love-story unwisely mixed with the incidents.—'DOCTOR PHOENIX SKELTON,' by Fewi Stesh (Fortress Monroe: S. S. Wood), is an unpleasant and foolish story of mesmerism, trepanning, etc. The apparently agreeable solution at the end of quite horrible complications in the beginning does not by any means compensate for the disagreeable opening.

#### Minor Notices.

THE FOUNDER of deaf-mute instruction in America well deserves both the handsome tribute paid his memory in the form of a well-written centennial biography (Henry Holt & Co.), now accessible to all buyers, and the proposed monument in Washington, to be unveiled during the coming summer. Thomas Hopkins Gal-

Gallaudet was the tireless and consecrated scholar who gave his life to the instruction of the silent people. 'In him were combined, by inheritance, more or less of the canny Scott, the persistent Briton, the vivacious Frank, and the graceful Italian.' He was the oldest of a family of twelve children, and was born in Philadelphia Dec. 10, 1787, and died Sept. 7, 1857. The biography is by his son Edward Miner Gallaudet, who has done his work faithfully in the old-fashioned way—not so old as Plutarch's, but of the kind in vogue a century or so ago. The eleven chapters give a clear view of his noble life and labors, showing his inward life, studies, mastery of difficulties, and entrance upon and maintenance of the work of putting tongues in the deaf people's fingers. A sunny, genial man, fond of hospitality, young people, fun, and religion of the sort not usually called 'liberal' but in every way worthy of a term that suggests charity also, Dr. Gallaudet is remembered with pleasure and affection. The story of his life will be read by many who can recall his fine face and figure, as well as by those who will in gratitude and silence read this book about their benefactor. A most touching poem by a deaf-mute graces the volume, which has a portrait but lacks an index.

IT IS NOT easy to keep pace with the rapidly appearing issues in Prof. E. S. Robertson's 'Great Writers' series (T. Whittaker), the swift progress of which is in marked contrast with the present stagnation of Mr. Morley's English Men-of-Letters. The average importance of the new library does not equal that of the old; but it is cheap, nicely printed and bound, and equipped with useful and trustworthy bibliographies; while in literary merit or freshness of utterance it is sometimes excellent. Mr. R. B. Haldane's 'Life of Adam Smith,' for instance, while occasionally showing marks of hasty writing, is a competent and original discussion of a forceful man and his significant book. Very interesting, to Americans, are Mr. Haldane's sly but sharp arraignments of economics as a 'science,' and his very clear indications of the rise of a modified and earnest protectionist school in England to-day—a fact which must be recognized whether we like it or not.—'WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?' (Meaning the Surplus) (Harper & Bros.) contains the President's message and Mr. Blaine's criticism of it in an interview in the *Tribune*; and also the articles on free trade and protection written by Henry Watterson and Senator Geo. F. Edmunds and published in *Harper's Monthly* for January and February. This pamphlet is of great value, as presenting both sides of the tariff controversy in a nut-shell, and gives the views of the ablest leaders of the two parties.

THE 'Preliminary Report' of the Commission appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate modern Spiritualism in accordance with the request of the late Henry Sybert (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a very interesting document. Among the ten members of the commission are Joseph Leidy, Robert Ellis Thompson, Horace Howard Furness and S. Weir Mitchell—a sufficient guarantee of its capacity. Their report is only twenty-three pages in length, but the appendix, containing a full account of their proceedings and experiments, occupies one hundred and thirty-five pages. They say that in slate writing 'the investigator has to deal with a simple question of legerdemain.' They also report that 'experience has shown that with every possible desire on the part of Spiritualists to tell the truth concerning marvellous phenomena, it is extremely difficult to do so.' In their experience it was almost impossible to secure from mediums an exhibition of their powers, the great majority being unwilling to submit to conditions of thorough investigation.

IN A LITTLE volume on 'The New Birth' (Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.) the Rev. L. P. Mercer, pastor of a Swedenborgian church in Chicago, has presented the New Church views on the doctrine of regeneration. His book is well written and well argued, and it is one of the best statements anywhere to be found on this subject from the point of view of the present author. He also discusses the mind-cure problem from the New Church way of regarding spiritual phenomena, and finds it to be nothing new and in part a misunderstanding of spiritual facts.—'EVOLUTION and Christianity: A Study,' by J. C. F. Grumbine (Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.), is the attempt of a Universalist clergyman of the more liberal school to show that religion is reconcilable with evolution, and that Christianity is the legitimate result of natural religion. It is a small book, but it is one of some merit, and is carefully thought out. The author expresses in his last chapter the purport of his book, when he says that 'Christianity has been seen to be the natural result of an obedience to the will of God in the laws of causation and life.'—'THE MISSING SENSE,' by C. W. Woolbridge (Funk & Wagnalls), is described by the author on his title-page as 'spiritual philosophy treated on a rational basis.' The purpose of

the book is to show, from observed fact and necessary reason, the existence and reality of spiritual intelligence apart from matter. The book is interesting and suggestive, but the proposition of the author is not proven in such a manner as will convince the skeptic. That man has capacities not yet developed there can be little doubt, but this does not prove that spirit exists wholly unconnected with matter. In his theology the author seems to belong to the progressive school.

'CASSELL'S Complete Pocket Guide to Europe' (Cassell & Co.) really is what it professes to be. It is a volume so small ( $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$  inches) that it easily may be carried in the pocket; and it does contain the information that the traveller in Europe requires. While complete in itself, the little volume probably will find its chief use as a handy reference-book on the road—while the big guide-books are relegated to the trunks,—thus supplying a want that every European traveller has felt for accurate, concise information in conveniently portable form. Every traveller who uses this guide (and no traveller can afford not to use it) will feel very grateful to Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, who invented it, and who in editing it has left upon almost every page traces of his scholarly thought and touches of his charming literary style.—AN ADDRESS on 'The Margin of Profits,' by Edward Atkinson, given before the Central Labor Lyceum of Boston, together with the reply to it, by E. M. Chamberlain, has been published by Messrs. Putnam in their Questions of the Day Series. The address is a plain and direct one, suited to a popular audience, and yet it is full of facts of great interest and importance. It is a sincere attempt to show that workingmen are in the wrong in trying to increase wages to a point beyond what profits will permit. The reply to Mr. Atkinson is suggestive and interesting, and gives a strong statement of the views of an intelligent workingman who has carefully studied the subject.

NINA MOORE—a name not familiar, but welcome—has compiled a most acceptable little volume on 'Pilgrims and Puritans: the Story of the Planting of Plymouth and Boston.' The publishers (Ginn & Co.) have made it just the size that may fit well into an orator's coat-tail pocket. Author and publishers have benevolently kept in view the needs of those speakers who are called upon, on Forefather's Day, to talk about the Pilgrims when they mean Puritans, or the Puritans when they mean Pilgrims. Certainly some post-prandial speakers do get the two very much mixed. The author, however, with clear head and nimble pen has consulted the best authorities, and with plenty of verified quotations and references, accurate maps and pictures, appendices and indexes, has produced a very commendable book. The explanatory notes are as rich meat as the text itself. Altogether this modest little volume is one of the best handbooks of the season, which will be well consulted whenever the 21st of December comes round. It may serve also as a good guide-book for those who like to find the traces of old Shawmut in the modern city of Mayor O'Brien and John L. Sullivan.

H. M. STANLEY, Librarian of Lake Forest University, publishes through C. H. French (Lake Forest, Ill.) a diminutive pamphlet entitled 'A Price-List of the Best Literature in its Cheapest Forms.' This is good; but something better would be a price-list of the same literature in its best forms; for paper that will last, and type that can be read without damage to the only pair of eyes each reader has to do all his reading with, is better than some of these five-, eight- and ten-cent editions of the literary classics. Why not, in a new edition, show both the best and the cheapest forms in which the books in question have appeared? Some of these very cheap reprints are likely, by the way, to be soon out of print.—'DAYS and Nights on the Sea: a Souvenir for an Ocean Voyage,' is a tasteful collection of Scriptural and poetic passages relating to the ocean, and is well worthy of a place in the travelling-bags of those who propose to cross the Atlantic. Jesse Bowman Young is the lady who has furnished the ribbon for the nosegay, and Phillips & Hunt the tin-foil for the handle; or, in plain English, are the book's author and publishers respectively.—SMILES's valuable essays on 'Thrift'—gathered together in a book long popular—reappear from Messrs. Harper's press, this time in the Franklin Square Library.

'THE Social Question in the Light of History and the Word of Truth,' by the Rev. John H. Carter (New York: E. Glaeser), is a series of lectures in which the social problems of the time are settled in accordance with the teachings of the Bible. The author finds the cause of the present social disturbances in the fertile soil of materialism, rationalism and atheism, and he finds the remedy in the Gospel. He has made himself familiar with the literature of socialism, and he produces a strong argument in favor of his theory.

He says that 'society in general, high and low, poor and rich, employers and employed, those governing and those governed, must become convinced of the fact, which history has established again and again, that social and economic disturbances are invariably the result of a religious decline.' The remedy to be applied is the Church, and its teaching of the word of God, which is at once an authority and a reconciling agent.—'THE TALMUD: What it is and What it Knows about Jesus and His Followers,' by the Rev. Bernhard Pick (John B. Alden), collects into a small volume what the Talmud has to say about the origin of Christianity. As the Talmud is a sealed book to most scholars, this volume will be read with interest; and yet it is not written in a manner to bring out what is of most value in the subject. The first part, in which the Talmud is described, is by far the most valuable.—'HERBERT SPENCER'S Religion and Morality,' by Sylvan Drey (Scribner & Welford), is a brief summary of the philosophy of that thinker. The writer has not attempted to defend but only to explain Mr. Spencer's views, and this he has done as a disciple. He thoroughly understands the system of his master, and he interprets it in a loving manner.

### Boston Letter.

A BIT of New England weather with the wind driving the rain before it in glassy sheets no doubt kept many people away from the matinée given at the Hollis Street Theatre last Wednesday in aid of the International Copyright Association, but the audience though small was notable, and the profits amounted to about \$500. The benefit originated in the friendly interest of Mr. Boucicault, who has been playing an engagement at that theatre, and who contributed his own services and those of his company in a performance of 'The Jilt.' Before the curtain rose Mr. Estes spoke of the advance made in legislation at Washington, and Mr. J. T. Trowbridge read his 'Author's Night.' Then, between the acts, Mr. Ernst Perabo played his transcription for the piano of 'Iolanthe'; a glee-club sang, and Miss Sadie Holmes read. All the performers gave their services, and Mr. Rich gave the use of his theatre; but the minor attachés of the house were paid, and very properly paid; for why should a scene-shifter or an usher be asked to give his labor to a cause in which he can have no interest? The gas company did not (contrary to a statement in one of the papers) provide gas for nothing, nor was it asked to do so, since the theatre is lighted by electricity.

During his present engagement, by the way, Mr. Boucicault has made an attempt to repeat history by colonizing the Scotch in Ireland, as in the Ulster Plantations. He has taken Scott's 'Guy Mannering' and converted it into an Irish play under the title of 'Cuisla-ma-Chree.' Meg Merrilies reappears as Morna Fall; Dominie Sampson as Dr. Ignatius Poldoodle; Guy Mannering as Sir Jeffrey Coote; Julia Mannering as Barbara Coote; and Dandie Dinmont as Andy Dolan. Andy is the central character in the play, and is endowed with all the humor and brogue which Mr. Boucicault's audiences delight in. But the play has not succeeded, and the engagement has been filled out with 'Arrah-na-Pogue' and 'The Shaughraun.'

Mr. Russell Sullivan, the adapter of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' has read his new play to Mr. Mansfield, and it has been accepted by that actor for production in Boston later in the season. The title is 'Nero.' The dramas of Cossa and Gazoletti in Italian verse have furnished the motive of the play and some of the leading characters. Other material has been drawn directly from the histories of Tacitus and Suetonius; while the incidents and the dialogue of the first three acts are, for the most part, original. There are five acts and about twelve characters. The scene of the first act is a tavern in the low quarter of Rome; that of the next two acts is the palace of the Caesars; that of the fourth act is Nero's golden house, and that of the fifth, ending with Nero's death, is the villa of the freemen. The play is written in prose, and is full of action and opportunities for spectacular effects.

Roberts Bros. will publish in the spring a new novel called 'Raymond Kershaw,' by Mrs. Cox, a writer hitherto unknown; an autobiography of Adelaide Ristori, in the Famous Women Series; a little handbook on 'The Study of Politics,' by Prof. W. P. Atkinson of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and 'The Pentameron,' which will make the seventh and concluding volume of their complete edition of Landor's prose works. The new novel by Mrs. Margaret Deland, whose book of verses was so successful about a year ago, deals, like 'Love and Theology,' with the unappeasable conflict between orthodox belief and modern agnosticism—a subject which surely cannot be renovated without the discovery of some new process. How the authors of 'The Second Son' must be amused by the notices that book is receiving, by the way! 'Add to Mrs. Oliphant's delicacy of analysis and charm of narrative, Mr.

Aldrich's wit, vigor and conciseness of style,' says one reviewer, 'and the result ought to be something approaching an ideal manner of writing fiction.' The identification of the collaborators in the several passages of the book is creating as much interest as 'the fifteen puzzle,' the publishers declare quite jubilantly.

Lee & Shepard have in press 'Dissolving Views in the History of Judaism'—a series of lectures by Rabbi Schindler, which he recently delivered before large audiences in this city; also, a popular boys' book, called 'The Shot Heard Round the World,' giving, with over 200 illustrations, a graphic record of the events which led from Lexington to Yorktown; and 'Mexico: Picturesque, Political, Industrial,' by Mary E. Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan.

It is about twenty-two years since a stout man with a heavy body and short 'bandy' legs entered the office of these publishers, carrying a huge carpet-bag in his hand, and wearing his hat thrust back over the crown of his head. He announced himself as 'Locke of Toledo,' and from that date Lee & Shepard became the fast friends as well as the publishers of the works of 'Petroleum V. Nasby.' The new edition of those books which they are now publishing consists of seven volumes, most of which have had extraordinary sales. The most popular is 'Swingin' Round the Circle,' of which over 60,000 copies have been sold; and next to this in point of success is the ballad of 'Hannah Jane,' which has reached a sale of nearly 30,000 copies.

Miss Alcott evidently had little faith in the mercies of that embalmer of deceased persons known as the literary executor. That she did not object to publishing with the utmost freedom the details of her personal affairs is shown by the autobiography of her girlhood which is now being illustrated for *The Youth's Companion*. In this article she writes without reserve of herself and her family; of necessity on one hand and self-sacrifice and unquenchable hope on the other; and it is a charming picture she presents of the frugality and intellectual activity of a New England household. As long as she lived she was willing to speak; but she preferred to say the last word herself, leaving nothing to the discretion—might it not be written indiscretion?—of editors and biographers.

I can make only the briefest mention of the interesting concert of the Cecilia Club on Thursday evening, the programme of which comprised Beethoven's cantata, 'The Praise of Music,' written in 1814 to celebrate the alliance against Napoleon; Gade's 'Spring Fantasy'; Dvorak's 'National Hymn'; and Bruch's cantata, 'Fair Ellen.' It was a delightful affair, as the concerts of this association of ladies and gentlemen usually are, and especially notable for the remarkable purity and beauty of Miss C. H. Whittier's solos.

A Boston paper recently published an article by Dr. William A. Hammond, urging the necessity of a higher standard of medical education and pointing out the results of the present loose methods of issuing diplomas. He quoted from a letter of marvellous orthography to show the character of some candidates for professional honors. A correspondent thinks the letter reveals only a mild phase of the illiteracy which is not uncommon among the graduates of colleges which would like to be considered reputable. He says:

'Let me furnish you with an instance, and it shall not be the certificate that I once received while in the United States service, in which the patient was declared to be suffering from "ginerel debility of the hole sistem," but from a regular graduate of a universally recognized medical college, who is now engaged in practice in this place. Here is the direction (word and letter) of a prescription of his: "A teespoonfull too bee taken at nite." A man came into a drug-store in great haste with one of his prescriptions, and after a little study the clerk desired my help in reading or translating it. The first item was this: "A surrendge," which I told the clerk was high Latin for a "syringe." In the verdict of a jury upon the question of insanity, he spelled "functional" "funchnel." And perhaps the most horrible part of it all is, that this doctor was a school-teacher before he studied medicine. . . . In his case one of two things is absolutely certain: either the college does not insist on its published requirements for graduation, or he has cheated the professors of the college which licenses him to practise medicine.'

Dr. Holmes has presented his entire collection of medical books to the Harvard Medical School; and at the reception which is proposed in recognition of his benefaction, he, in his capacity of President of the Library, will have to make a speech accepting his own gift, and thanking himself for his distinguished generosity to the College. The situation is, indeed, a trifle like that of the Lord High Chancellor in 'Iolanthe.'

BOSTON, March 26, 1888.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

THE \$1,000 premium offered by the American Sunday-School Union for the best book on 'The Christian Obligations of Labor and Capital' has been awarded to Harry W. Cadman of San Francisco, for a manuscript entitled 'The Christian Unity of Capital and Labor.'

## The Lounger

I WAS sitting near my window when Mrs. Lamb was knocked down in Broadway last week. I heard unusual noises in the street; and looking out, I saw a lady being carried into a barber-shop in the basement at the corner of Astor place. Her hat was off and her head was hanging down, so that I could not see her face, but something about the figure, and the gray fur around the throat, suggested the editor of *The Magazine of American History* and the historian of the City of New York. Mrs. Lamb had just heard of the death of her life-long friend, Chief Justice Waite; and as soon as she recovered from the first shock of this sad news, she had begun to make arrangements for going to Washington. She had all the 'copy' in hand for the forthcoming magazine except one article, and she was going to leave that at the printer's on her way home when the accident occurred. I suppose her mind was so occupied with her trouble that she was not thinking just where she was going, though she says that she had got out of the way of two wagons when the grocer's cart swung suddenly around from Astor Place and knocked her flat on her face. She was badly hurt, but she was not made insensible; and she was very plucky withal, though the blood was trickling down her face and neck. An ambulance was summoned, and the surgeon bandaged up her wounds; but she insisted upon going home in a carriage, although very faint from loss of blood. I am happy to say that her injuries, though painful, are not serious, and that it will not be long before she is again at her desk. In escaping with her life, she fared better than another woman who was run down at the same corner a month ago.

A WRITER, whose article in a prominent educational journal is sent out by a Boston firm as a circular commendatory of a new series of Readers, in recounting his youthful experiences in acquiring language, says that the first sentence which he laboriously mastered was this—from Noah Webster's Spelling-Book: 'I had some green corn on my plate on the Fourth of July.' He questions the value of this bit of information, as he has never since 'found the exact latitude where it was historically true.' 'My next sentence,' he continues, 'fared better. How I came by it I really do not know. Certainly not by the ancient spelling-book. I think it must have been a task assigned me from one of the highest readers. It was:

flies o'er the unbending corn,  
And skims along the main,—

a description, as I afterward learned, of the swallow, and in itself a study in nature as well as a gem in poetry. Contrast these two sentences. The former leading nowhere, except to a fatal geographical distinction, when corn ripens exactly on the Fourth of July, while the latter gives the first and perhaps the most effective reason in the habits of the swallow.'

HOW 'the little man of Twickenham' would have enjoyed this! The idea of his familiar lines receiving this ornithological interpretation, and being used to inculcate an important fact in natural history, as well as to point an educational moral, would have tickled him immensely, and might have suggested one of his ready epigrams. 'Certainly not from the ancient spelling-book' came those lines, but from that immortal passage in the essay on criticism:

'T is not enough no harshness gives offence,  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:  
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore  
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.  
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
The line too labors, and the words move slow ;  
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

'AMONG some curious letters that turned up recently at a sale of autographs in London,' writes a correspondent, 'was one from David Hume, dated Jan. 30, 1773, in which the historian indulges in some remarks about the English nation which would hardly be regarded as parliamentary, but which we as Americans can forgive for a compliment he indirectly pays to Franklin.' He says:

Considering the Treatment I have met with, it would have been very silly for me at my years to continue writing any more; and still more blameable to warp my Principles and sentiments in conformity to the Prejudices of a stupid, factious Nation; with whom I am heartily disgusted. . . . For as to any Englishman that Nation is so sunk into Stupidity and Barbarism and Faction, that you may as well think of Lapland for an author. The best Book that has been written by any Englishman these thirty years (for Dr. Franklin is an American) is 'Tristram Shandy,' bad as it is. A Remark what may astonish you; but which you will find true on Reflection.

IT IS PROPOSED to erect a statue to the late Henry Bergh in Central Park. Wouldn't it be more in keeping with the spirit of Henry Bergh's life to give this memorial a more practical form?—a handsome new building for the S. P. C. A., with a statue of the founder over its front door, or a drinking-fountain for men and beasts, with the philanthropist's effigy surmounting it? There is no reason to doubt that ample funds for the erection of such a memorial of Mr. Bergh would be forthcoming. He filled—and still fills—a warm corner in very many hearts. I know of an elderly lady out in the country, who didn't know Mr. Bergh, but who for many years has kept pinned to the drapery of her dressing-table a scrap of paper bearing the good man's autograph signature torn from a manuscript letter. To her it is a precious relic.

SOMETIMES during the winter Mr. Robert Luce of the Boston *Globe*, one of the editors of *The Writer*, lectured in New Haven on the subject of journalism. He gave some excellent advice to his hearers; telling them, among other things, that the best way to get a foothold on any one of the great daily journals was to take to the editor some good piece of news—something 'exclusive,'—and thus show enterprise as well as ambition. For example, said he, I see that Gov. Lounsbury is in New Haven to-night, at the — Hotel. Now it would have been a good thing if it had occurred to any one to see the Governor, and get an interview with him on the subject of Blaine's withdrawal (it had been first announced that day), and send it to some newspaper with whose views it harmonized. This was merely by way of illustration, and the lecturer thought no more about it. But Gov. Lounsbury did; for not less than nine Yale men, ambitious of journalistic honors, visited him at his hotel that evening, and tried to get his opinion on the Blaine letter! The Governor was nonplussed by their importunity. He has probably heard no explanation, and may never know what it meant unless he sees this paragraph.

I HAVE HAD occasion lately to search the 'want' columns of the daily papers, and while the result has not been altogether satisfactory in the immediate matter of my research, I have found a good deal to arrest my attention. For example, this—from *The World*:

**A YOUNG BUSINESS MAN** out of town, having passed through the waters of affliction, wishes to change surroundings; ten years' business experience; familiar with editorial work on Eastern and Western journals; would like remunerative employment as travelling salesman, hotel clerk, or on city newspaper; references in city; bond furnished if required; first-class concerns only. Address, —.

I was beginning to feel quite badly for this young man, whose aquatic experiences had been so disheartening, and almost felt that I ought to find something for him to do; but a second reading of the lines led me to believe that he was not so anxious, after all, to burn his ships behind him; for he stipulated that the new position must be remunerative. Now when a man really wishes to break old ties, he is willing to sacrifice something to that end; but this one evidently wants it to be made an object to him.

IN A VERY different vein is the following—also from the *World*. Here, indeed, is a girl of an undaunted spirit. All the waters of affliction that ever flowed would not dampen her ardor:

**I F THERE** is an invalid or elderly lady, in New York or elsewhere, who desires the services of a smart girl of 28, who can either work like sixty for her comfort and requirements, or play the piano in good style for her enjoyment, she can find such a one in me, if she wishes an American girl with thoroughly good principles. Address, —.

My greatest fear in regard to this young woman is that she would put too much of her uncurbed energy into her music, and slight her more prosaic duties. She would be likely to play the piano 'like sixty' and work like six!

## International Copyright.

IT IS important to the welfare of the International Copyright movement, that all who are interested in its success should write to their local Representatives in Congress, and the Senators from their States, and to any other Senators or Congressmen with whom they are personally acquainted, to urge the passage of the bill now before both branches of the legislative body. Such personal appeals would have greater proportionate weight in overcoming the apathy of our legislators than a hundred newspaper articles, addressed to no one in particular, and couched in general terms. The bill should be made a law by a unanimous vote in both the Senate and the House. The national disgrace of no Inter-

national Copyright should be removed not only promptly, but if possible with some *éclat*.

THE authors went down to Washington, two weeks ago, in a special car. A few ladies accompanied them. Mark Twain was the centre of interest and attraction, and told good stories till the roof of the car was in danger of cracking with the laughter they provoked. Sunday (March 18) intervened between the first and second readings; and finding that it was the President's birthday, the visitors presented him with a hundred red tulips growing in a box. The number had no reference to the recipient's age, for he is only fifty-one. A colored waiter in the Arlington Hotel, overhearing a preliminary conversation on the subject among the literary guests of the house, confidentially informed them that it was 'etikwet' to make such presents, not to the President, but to his wife! Strange to say, the authors persisted in their intention of presenting the tulips to Mr. Cleveland. With it they sent a congratulatory round-robin. In deference to the waiter's judgment, they observed the proprieties to the extent of giving the Lady of the White House a bunch of violets.

ON the 14th inst.—a few days before the Authors' Readings—a call signed by twenty-four gentlemen prominent in literary, book trade, and other 'circles' in Washington, was sent out, giving notice of a meeting to be held at the Riggs House, for the purpose of organizing a local association to coöperate with the American Copyright League and kindred organizations. Some forty ladies and gentlemen responded. Dr. J. C. Welling, President of Columbian University, called the meeting to order, and Mr. Thorvald Solberg acted as secretary. Dr. S. M. Burnett, Prof. Fay and Mr. Hackett were appointed as a committee to assist in effecting a permanent organization and to draft a constitution. Permanent officers were elected as follows:—President, James C. Welling; first Vice-President, Col. John Hay; second, Prof. J. W. Powell; third, Judge Henry Strong; fourth, Dr. S. M. Burnett; Treasurer, Wm. Ballantyne; Recording Secretary, John Savary; Corresponding Secretary, Thorvald Solberg; Directors, Prof. Langley, Prof. Gill, Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. Billings, Gen. Greely, Dr. Fletcher and Dr. Geo. B. Loring; Honorary Members, President Cleveland, Secretary Bayard, George Bancroft, Chief Justice Waite (since dead), A. R. Spofford, Geo. T. Curtis, Prof. Graham Bell and Senator Evarts. The constitution adopted was an exact copy of that of the Boston Association. Dr. Welling acknowledged the compliment of his election, and introduced Dr. Edward Eggleston, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Copyright League, who spoke of the difficulties that beset the authors in their efforts to induce Congress to enact a proper International Copyright law. He was followed by Judge Strong and Dr. Loring, who made brief addresses. Dr. E. M. Wood, of Pittsburg, was made agent of the Association for Pennsylvania.

MR. GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM has published a pamphlet (which *The Publishers' Weekly* has reprinted in full) entitled 'International Copyright Will not Increase the Prices of Books.' He argues that the effect of the Chace bill will be to make all the better classes of books cheaper and more abundant, while increasing the price of none but the poorest reprints of foreign fiction. Among other things he says:

In America, where the system, or lack of system, of 'open publishing' prevails, the cheapest books are the least important and often the least desirable. In Europe, where International Copyright is in force, the best books are the cheapest. The absence of International Copyright encourages bad books or poor books, and discourages good books. . . . American buyers are accustomed to cheap books, and will not buy dear books, and the publishers are not likely to throw away their money by making dear books for which they could not find a sale. . . . With assured markets, and an assured control to authors and publishers of the results of their literary undertakings, there will be a great increase

in the publication of international series, which will provide for American readers, at the lowest prices, satisfactory editions of the works of the leading writers of the world, American, English, and Continental.

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE on the Judiciary is still considering the Chace bill. Last Friday it gave a hearing on the subject, which was attended by Mr. Breckinridge of Kentucky (who had introduced the bill in the House), Dr. Edward Eggleston, R. U. Johnson and George W. Green of the Executive Committee of the American Copyright League; Dr. J. C. Welling, President of the Washington Association, together with Judge Strong, Hon. Geo. B. Loring and Dr. S. M. Burnett; James Welsh, James C. Mateet, George Chance and John T. Evans, of Typographical Union No. 2, Philadelphia; James Duncan and Sherman Cummin, of Typographical Union No. 6, New York; S. L. Clemens ('Mark Twain'); Geo. H. Putnam, Secretary, and W. W. Appleton and H. O. Houghton, members of the Publishers' Copyright League, the latter representing also the Boston Association. Mr. Breckinridge said that the Chace bill reconciled every interest concerned in the making of books: the authors, who furnished the brains for books; the paper-men, who sold the paper; the type-setting unions, that represented the printers; the book-binding houses and the publishers, who finally issued the books for sale. They were all eager for the passage of the bill. The first bill on the subject was introduced in Congress in the year in which the speaker was born, by the most eminent man who had ever represented his (Mr. Breckinridge's) district in Congress—Henry Clay. Statements in support of the proposed measure were made by Mr. Houghton, Dr. Welling, Mr. Clemens, Dr. Eggleston, Mr. Green, Mr. Putnam, Mr. Welsh and Mr. Cummin. The Committee exhibited great interest in the statements, and a unanimous report in favor of the bill is expected.

APROPOS of the Senate Committee's unanimously favorable report on the Chace bill last week, *The Commercial Advertiser* remarks:

We need not at this time reaffirm our support of the measure, or explain again the grounds for advocating its enactment into law. It is not an ideal measure, but it recognizes an essential principle and it will bring about a substantial reform. In its present shape it cannot be charged with unfairness or partiality to any class; it attacks no vested rights, undermines no industry, gives no one an improper advantage. Yet at the same time it shelters an author in his common and obvious rights and by doing so fosters native literature.

Referring to the appearance on the platform of the authors who read from their own writings at Washington last week, Mr. Stedman in introducing them said:

Some of those now before you have made successful experiments. To be sure, not every one can be, like Mr. Clemens, his own Harper & Brothers, and his own Edwin Booth. But if half a dozen new travelling companies should start out, what a sensation there would be among our friends and allies, the dramatic artists! Towns may yet be filled with posters of the 'Howells-Bishop Realistic Combination,' the 'Romantic-Dramatic Hawthorne, Cable and Craddock Troupe,' or the 'Gilder and Bunner Melodies,' or the 'Johnston and Page Old Dominion Varieties in Black and White,' or the 'Eggleston-Riley Old Homestead Company'—to guess at about one-tenth of the organizations that might hopefully 'take to the road.'

We quote further from the same address:

After all, we are only falling into line with the other workingmen at this time. In fact, the American Brotherhood—and Sisterhood—of literary fellows are also 'out on strike.' Not a strike for higher wages, nor against convict or machine labor, but against labor whose product is simply 'covered in,' to use the Treasury term (probably because it is issued chiefly without covers), by the book trade, against the labor of foreign authors, which is not paid for at all. We differ with other Knights of Labor in wishing these co-workmen to be just as well paid as ourselves. Our plea has been, and is, largely for justice to them. We want to redeem this great and generous nation from the charge of being a grand 'fence' for the receiving of purloined goods. But this is the right time to

acknowledge, confidentially, that we are also speaking 'for ourselves, John,' though we follow the transatlantic way of pushing our own interests by manifesting a zealous regard for that of other people. And so, from both motives, we are on this strike.

It is our hope that one of the memorable records in the annals of this Fifty-fifth Congress will be that through its wisdom the Chace Copyright bill became a law of the land. On yonder hill is to me the fairest and proudest Capitol the world can boast. This city is the mouthpiece of liberty and justice for all. But these States can never wholly escape the imputation of fostering a provincial, 'a colonial sentiment, as long as we depend for our mental sustenance upon inferior European chap-books, dear at any price, and continue to discourage the native literature which shows such vigor in spite of all restrictions, and which at this moment is held in honor everywhere, ' save in its own country.'

Mr. Howells has left Buffalo (where he found many persons desirous of ordering their lives in accordance with Tolstoi's theories); but Mrs. Rohlfis, the novelist, best known as Anna Katherine Green, who went there some months ago, has remained behind, and is stirring up a lively local interest in the cause of copyright reform. Meetings have been held at her house this month, and active steps taken to interest local Congressmen and others in the passage of the Chace bill. In an interview reported in the Buffalo *Express*, Mrs. Rohlfis is quoted as saying :

There are some publishers in the United States who merit the highest confidence and esteem. Among them I am bound to mention mine, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. There are others so honorable in their dealings with foreign authors that, in spite of the odds against them, they pay them well for their work. If this can be done with profit by individual houses, who publish cheap editions, no good reason can be given for not compelling unscrupulous publishers to do the same. . . . Contrary to all expectation a large publishing-house whose wealth has been accumulated by the sale of books at no more than 20 cents per volume and some at 5 cents, has declared unequivocally for International Copyright. This does not look like an increase in the price of books. They have reason to think that as much money can be made by honest dealing as by appropriation.

In the course of a letter endorsing the movement in Buffalo Bishop Coxe observes:—'We owe it to our country to relieve her from her present discreditable position in the Republic of Letters; a position which the civilized nations regard as piratical.'

### Fighting the Tilden Library.

JUDGE LAWRENCE has been listening to argument in the Supreme Court, Special Term, on the question of the validity of the late ex-Gov. Tilden's will. The will is contested by Col. George H. Tilden, a nephew of the testator, whose counsel claim that that part of the document which provides for the creation of the Tilden Trust and the founding of a free public library in this city is illegal, because it empowers the executors, in case the library cannot be established, to devote the money set apart for its establishment to such charitable purposes as they may deem proper. Col. Tilden was represented by Delos McCurdy, Smith M. Weed, Joseph H. Choate and Lyman D. Brewster, and the executors by ex-Surrogate Rollins, ex-Judge George H. Comstock, James C. Carter and L. Cass Ledyard. It was admitted by the defence that the ambiguity of the terms in which the bequest is set apart for charitable purposes, in the event of the library's not being founded, nullifies this alternative provision; but it was maintained that that part of the article which provides for the foundation of the library is in itself strictly legal (a point which is not disputed) and that the Court should sustain the executors in carrying it out. Counsel for the contestant have until April 18 to send their brief to the counsel for the executors, then counsel for the executors have two weeks in which to finish their briefs, and the contestant's counsel then have two weeks more in which to amend and add to their briefs. It will probably be late in July or early in August when a decision is rendered.

The Trust has been chartered by the Legislature and is now ready to found the great library which the city so

much needs. The amount of money at its disposal is probably five million dollars; yet the public seems to regard the whole affair as a matter of considerably less consequence than the recent question, for instance, whether the Irish, the German, or the American flag should float over the City Hall on a certain day. Republics seem to be not only ungrateful to their would-be benefactors, but indifferent to their own highest interests. If Mr. Tilden's estate is not secured for the public uses to which he dedicated and bequeathed it, it will be a long while, probably, before any other New York millionaire will attempt to leave his money in such a way as to compass the greatest good of the greatest number.

### "On the Writing of Novels."

THE 'scholarly contributor to THE CRITIC, with a taste for stringing verses,' whose metrical version of Horace's lines from 'De Arte Poetica' we printed in the first column of our leading article last week, writes to us as follows:

I recognized my off-hand verses in Saturday's CRITIC. I should have given a more polished rendering had I known they were to be printed. But I think they represent the original in one passage more closely than the prose translation which accompanies them. In his version of 'male si mandata loqueris,' your Latinist makes *male qualify mandata* ('if you speak what has been improperly assigned you'). Ought not *male* to go with *loqueris* rather, as I have it ('if you speak your part, and speak it badly')? Horace contrasts good acting with bad, not good acting with bad poetry. THE CRITIC, by-the-by, prints *mala* instead of *male*; if this reading be adopted, it should be rendered, 'if you simply prate of your wretched lot,' which still preserves the idea of the passage as I conceive it.

As to the question at issue, don't you think Horace was somewhat misled by an imperfect analogy? The tears which the actor sheds may be simulated, but they move his audience none the less. The functions of the actor and author are distinct, and call different faculties into play. Shakespeare the actor probably wept in his impersonation of the part of Adam [in 'As You Like It'], but I doubt if Shakespeare the poet shed tears as he wrote Adam's lines. The question is largely one of temperament, I judge. Such a case as that of Thackeray's crying over the death of Col. Newcome is hardly in point. Horace requires the poet to weep with his characters, as the actor weeps in personating them—not to weep for them. A mother weeps for her lost child, but she does not weep with him. The ancients themselves recognize their own liability to be deceived by false analogies. In one of the comedies of Aristophanes, the poet Agathon is discovered clad in full female costume, and lying on a sofa. Questioned as to his reasons for his conduct, he replies that he is going to write a piece about women, and wants to feel with his characters. I think that is a fair hit at the somewhat mechanical theory which Horace expresses. Don't you?

The gentleman who made the 'more literal rendering,' which followed the metrical one, also writes to us under date of last Saturday:

In the very interesting paper in this morning's CRITIC, you have left uncorrected a printer's blunder in the Latin quotation from Horace, which, in the third line, should read *Peleu* for *Pelu*, and *male* for *mala*. These are clearly oversights; for the quotation is correct in your letter to me. Your scholarly contributor has also fallen into an error in his free translation (third line) where he writes,

but an thou mouth'st  
Thy lines.

He has evidently connected *male* with *loqueris*—which would mean, 'if thou spakest ill what is committed to thee.' This is a very natural error; but the best critics assign the *male* to *mandata*, making the meaning what I have given you.

As to the meaning of the passage in Horace in general, it has always seemed to me that the best comment on the attitude of a novelist towards his characters is *implied* rather than directly *stated* by Hawthorne, in a passage which I quote from a letter written to his *fiancee* Oct. 4, 1840. He was speaking of the freshness of his love for the woman he was soon to marry. 'I used to think I could *imagine* all passions, all feelings, and states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know,' etc. The writer must be in that relation to his characters. He must have a nature so quick and sensitive and responsive, that he could, if called upon

by circumstances to do so, respond in height and depth to every passion he would make others feel. He can, by his imaginative faculty, put himself into this mental state, and will do so when he is conceiving his plot and characters. But he need not have done so in actual life, in order to make a story impressive. An actual experience will help him to a multitude of details by which he can materialize the situation better, but may not add anything to the force and strength of the passion.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

It seems to me that the difference of opinion as to the necessity of feeling what one writes, during the process of writing, arises from the fact that every man has two distinct lines of 'feeling,' which are entirely independent of each other. One might be called our real feeling, and the other a parody of it. It is quite possible to agree with both the authors whom you quote in the letter before me. Diderot had real feeling in his mind when he said that it interfered with the effectiveness of a player, and he was right; while Horace, in the passage you give—"Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi,"—refers to that imitation of real feeling (a hand-maid of the imagination, so to speak) which all men have in their nature, and which artists and writers of fiction or poetry possess in the highest degree. Clergymen also possess it in marked force; they utilize it constantly in their pulpits. I do not think that any actor, clergyman or writer can produce strong effects on others without experiencing this form of so-called 'feeling.'

The best illustration of it I call to mind, showing how independent it is of real feeling, is given in the memoirs of Mrs. Kemble. She speaks of the strange double-life of the actress, and instances herself in playing the farewell scene of 'Juliet.' Trembling with emotion, and with tears streaming from her eyes, she kept one of those eyes—tears and all—on the train of her dress, to protect it from a gas-jet. Perhaps a similar instance, which came under my own observation, is a more forcible illustration still. A little girl, nine years old, whose artistic 'feeling' was a matter of natural impulse only, would shed copious tears in playing a scene with the late Charles Thorne; and, at the same time, she would warn him, in a whisper, not to touch the color on her face with his powdered mustache. Now, to my mind, the 'feeling' displayed in the above cases has no connection with the feeling aroused by grief or pity in real life. If you ask me to account for our mysterious dual nature in this respect, I can only say, 'Seek the answer in the stars'—when you get there.

NEW ROCHELLE, March 28, 1888.

BRONSON HOWARD.

#### The Fine Arts

##### Art Notes

WE HEAR with regret of the death, at Lausanne, Switzerland, on March 10, of Lucy Myers Mitchell, the well-known writer on sculpture. Mrs. Mitchell was a very highly cultivated and generous-minded woman, and has died in the prime of life, being still, we believe, under forty-five years of age. She was a sister of Prof. John H. Wright of Harvard. Her husband, Mr. Samuel P. Mitchell, is an artist. Her chief work is a valuable 'History of Ancient Sculpture,' published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Some years ago Mrs. Mitchell was called upon by counsel in the Cesnola-Feuardent trial in this city, to give 'expert' testimony in regard to the restoration of antique works of art.

—Felix O. C. Darley, at one time the most popular illustrator in America, died at his home at Claymont, Del., last Tuesday, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Mr. Darley was born in Philadelphia, but the work of his pencil was not confined to Philadelphia publications. His best known series of illustrations was made for Irving's 'Rip van Winkle.' Mr. Darley's style of drawing was characteristic, and no one who had ever seen any of his work could fail to recognize the next example of it he saw. It was always graceful, but never very vigorous.

—Last week's Loan Exhibition of etchings by the Young Men's Christian Association 'of the Oranges' (that is of Orange, East Orange and South Orange, N. J.), showed that valuable etchings abound in that neighborhood—at least for the time being. We noticed particularly among Americans some Venetian views of Otto Bacher and three of F. S. Church's fanciful sketches. The Morans also were present in force, with capital plates; and there were many interesting examples of Stephen Parrish, C. A. Platt, Joseph Pennell, W. L. Lathrop and A. F. Bellows. Of foreigners, Felix Buhot was well represented, as also Appian, Vans' Gravesande and Seymour Haden. Of the older masters of the art, there was an example of Piranesi, one of Whistler, and several of Rembrandt. The needle with which Dr. Haden made his most famous etchings was shown. Messrs. C. Klackner, F. Keppel & Co. and H. Wun-

derlich & Co. lent liberally from their valuable collections of plates. An etching by T. Moran accompanied the special invitations to the exhibition, and two by A. P. Oakley adorned the Catalogue. The show was in all respects highly creditable to those who got it up.

—Whoever is well acquainted with the American artisan has no doubt that his capacity for artistic work would soon be established, if he were given training and opportunity. Training must, of course, come first; and it is therefore highly desirable that technical and art-schools should be multiplied. Those that already exist have done much good; but there is plenty of room for others. We notice that Mr. J. W. Stinson, late Director of the Metropolitan Museum Art Schools, is pushing his scheme for a University of the Applied Arts which he expects to establish in New York. His plan is ambitious, requiring a large corps of trained teachers, a board of control presided over by himself, and a great outlay for models, material and space; but if, like many other great projectors, he is content to make a modest beginning, there is no reason why it should not be carried into effect. It is to be hoped that he may be able to make a start, and that he may deserve and obtain success.

—Two distinguished foreign painters are expected to visit America this year—Basil Verestchagin and Benjamin Constant. The latter will, it is said, remain only two months, and paint not more than six portraits, under the management of Boussod, Valadon & Co.—who, by the way, propose building a gallery in rear of their present place of business at 5th Ave. and 31st St. Some of M. Verestchagin's realistic battle paintings are to be exhibited next fall at the American Art Galleries; and the artist has projected a lecture tour which will enable him to tell the story of his experience in the principal cities of the United States.

—The regular spring exhibition at the Academy will be opened on Monday, private and press views being given at the close of the present week. It is hoped—and believed—that the 'younger men' will be better represented than usual.

—Of Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, the retired banker, who died in this city last week, the *World* says:

He inherited his father's love for music and for art, and while collecting what has been described as the finest and most complete collection of music in America, he became a proficient performer on several musical instruments. It is said that his musical collection will go to the Lenox Library. His taste for art amounted almost to a passion, and the etchings he collected are said to have been selected with a discernment and a knowledge of worth equalled by few of the best connoisseurs. His collection of paintings is valued at \$500,000.

—Last week, at its annual meeting, the Water-Color Society elected the following officers: J. G. Brown, President; Henry Farer, Secretary; James Symington, Treasurer; and C. D. Weldon, J. F. Murphy, J. C. Beckwith and G. W. Maynard, members of the Board of Control. Charles A. Platt, Rufus F. Zogbaum and Charles Mente were elected to membership. The project to secure a permanent home for the Society was set down for consideration at a special meeting to be held on Wednesday evening of this week.

—At a recent auction sale in London, Cruikshank's 'Tower of London' set brought \$245, the 'Life of Sir John Falstaff' \$305, and the 'Table-Book' (etchings and woodcuts) \$325.

—Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson is unlucky. The *Tribune* calls attention to the fact that the exhibition of his paintings and drawings at the American Art Galleries fell on the day after the blizzard, and the first day's (Tuesday's) sale of them had the pouring rain to contend with. The result, naturally, was low prices. The drawings offered included the illustrations to the artist's own 'Highways and Byways' and 'Happy Hunting Grounds,' to E. P. Roe's 'Nature's Serial Story,' and the 'Southern Series,' descriptive of the Acadian land, New Orleans, and other Southern localities. Wednesday evening's sale included drawings and proofs illustrating 'The Master of the Gunnery,' 'Pastoral Days' and 'Heart of the White Mountains,' and a series of drawings after leading American painters.

—The late Christian H. Wolff of Philadelphia seems to have been one of our old-time collectors of paintings, who collected everything, good, bad and indifferent, that took their fancy or suited their purpose. His pictures, now on view at the American Art Galleries, comprise many examples of third- and fourth-rate German, English, French and American artists, and a few by more celebrated men. Among the best may be mentioned a river scene by Daubigny, looking across the stream; an unusually strong Michetti—goats, black, brown and white, coming through a wood; some goodish examples of Adrien Moreau, Emile Vernier (apple-trees in blossom), Lambinet, Casini, and C. Jacques. There is a rather poor Richet, and a Diaz and an Achenbach of no great ac-

count. Among the American pictures Bruce Crane's 'Spring Landscape' is the best; and among the English, Henry Poore's 'Burning Heather' is noticeable as at least showing some appreciation of what constitutes a good subject.

—John Rollin Tilton, the landscape painter, died suddenly this week in Rome. He was born in New Hampshire, in 1833, and as an artist was self-taught. He studied in Italy, and travelled in Greece and Egypt. Among his more noted pictures were: 'The Palace of Thebes, Egypt,' 'Venetian Fishing-Boats,' 'The Lagoons of Venice' and 'Como.' Most of his works are in English private galleries.

—Mr. W. Lewis Fraser's interesting lecture on 'Nearly Two Hundred Years of Book Illustrating in America,' at the Grolier Club on Wednesday evening, was attended by an appreciative audience which quite filled the club-rooms. After passing in review the many early attempts in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, to found a more or less illustrated magazine, in coming down to recent times, Mr. Fraser gave most of the credit for the progress made in wood-engraving to the artists, mentioning particularly E. A. Abbey, J. E. Kelly and Wyatt Eaton. He also praised the efforts made by his associate, Mr. A. W. Drake, in directing the art department of *The Century*. The lecture was illustrated with enlarged images of copper-plates, steel-engravings and wood-cuts thrown upon a screen back of the lecturer.

—Mr. Knoedler has pleaded guilty to the charge of exposing and selling indecent photographs preferred against him by Anthony Comstock, and paid a fine rather than have the case tried in open court. He was impelled to take this course by Justice Kilbreth's exposition of the law, under which the Justice held him for trial. Thirty-five of the thirty-seven photographs seized by Mr. Comstock were decided to be legally unobjectionable, but two were held to be obscene.

—An admirable hand-book of elementary drawing, intended to accompany a series of four drawing-books for children, has been written by Hobart D. Jacobs and Augusta L. Brower, and is published by A. Lovell & Co. The drawing-books give numerous sketches of simple objects, such as tools, leaves, flowers, kitchen utensils, with diagrams showing the different stages of each drawing. These are not to be copied, but are to show the pupil how to set about drawing some similar form from nature. A great variety of geometrical and conventional figures and lines are given to be copied or put into new combinations; and there are spaces for sketches from imagination, plain definitions of common technical terms, and stories about artists calculated to interest children. The hand-book is to guide the teacher in the use of the drawing-books, and in the supplementary work which their proper use entails.

—The essays of John Burnett on 'Composition, Light and Shade, and the Education of the Eye,' have long been favorably known to artists, principally because of the numerous small etchings which illustrate them, these being after-well chosen examples of Ostade, Potter, Claude, Correggio, Rubens and other old masters. The 'essays' themselves have not now the standing which they once enjoyed, before the days of Ruskin and Hamerton. They are rather a series of detached notes than essays, properly so-called, some of which are neither very profound nor very clear. Yet they include sensible observations on particular paintings, and on the methods of composition exemplified by the illustrations. The work has been long out of print, and copies of it have become difficult to obtain; but a photo-lithographic reproduction of both text and plates has just been published by Edward L. Wilson. It is said to be the first successful attempt to republish it. The illustrations, while very good examples of the process, cannot be compared with the original prints for clearness and brilliancy. But they answer their purpose, as material for object lessons in light and shade and composition, almost equally well.

#### Notes.

THE authors selected to write the stories of the States for D. Lothrop Co.'s series seem to be better fitted for their special work than would appear at a first glance. Dr. Hale, of course, has special 'furnishings' for telling the story of Massachusetts. Noah Brooks as an old '49er' is peculiarly fitted to write of California; and by reason of early association, Marion Harland is well qualified to treat of Virginia. Edmund Alton, as a former 'Senate page' and an enthusiastic Washingtonian, has imbibed the local flavor of life at the Capital. Jessie Benton Frémont, as the daughter of 'Tom' Benton, is certainly in a position to tell the story of Benton's own State; and the daughter of Secretary Seward, his companion and helper too, will doubtless make a success of her story of Pennsylvania.

—Harold Frederic, the author of 'Seth's Brother's Wife' and London correspondent of the *New York Times*, is soon to return to America. It is said that on the strength of his first novel's success he intends to devote himself to a literary, rather than a journalistic, career.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. have arranged with the London publishers of Walter Besant and the late Mr. Rice to become the authorized publishers in this country of the works of those novelists. They will immediately begin the publication of a library edition of their works, the initial volume being 'Golden Butterfly and My Little Girl.' Eleven other volumes will follow at short intervals. The same firm announce 'Master of His Fate,' a new story by Amelia E. Barr.

—Prof. Max Müller is to deliver the Gifford Lectures at Glasgow, this year, on Natural Religion. The continued popularity of his Lectures on the Science of Language is shown by the fact that he is now revising them for the fifteenth edition.

—Ticknor & Co. will issue on April 7, 'Agatha Page: a Parable,' by Isaac Henderson, author of 'The Prelate'; 'Isidra,' a novel, by Willis Steel; a new and cheaper edition of the 'Ancient Legends of Ireland,' by Lady Wilde ('Speranza'); and a fourth edition of Laurence Hutton's 'Literary Landmarks of London.'

—Mr. R. H. Stoddard has just been made an honorary member of the Authors Club of this city. He was one of the founders of the Club, and has been hitherto an active member of it. The other honorary members are Matthew Arnold, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Whittier, Dr. Holmes and Mrs. Stowe. Mr. Stoddard is, however, the first active member who has been so honored.

—A memoir and critical note will preface the volume of selections from the poetry of the late Philip Bourke Marston which is to form the May issue of the Canterbury Poets. The book will be entitled 'Song-Tide: Poems and Lyrics of Love's Joy and Sorrow.'

—Ex-Lieutenant-Gov. Wm. Dorsheimer, who died on Monday last, attracted considerable attention as a writer just thirty years ago, when he contributed two papers to *The Atlantic*, one being a review of Parton's 'Life of Aaron Burr,' and the other a notice of a 'Life of Jefferson.' He was then twenty-six. In the following year (1859), he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Harvard College.

—One of the very oldest of the French Academicians died last Monday—J. M. N. D. Nisard, a distinguished journalist. He was a contributor to the leading reviews, for ten years Director of the Higher Normal School, and a Commander of the Legion of Honor. He was eighty-two years old last week, and had been in the Academy since 1850. He had written novels and translated Shakespeare. His works include 'The Latin Poets of the Decadence' (1834), 'Mélanges' (1838), and 'A History of French Literature' (1844-63).

—Max O'Rell's 'John Bull, Jr.' has been on the market but a few days, yet every copy of the large first edition has been sold, and a still larger one is now in press. 'Nothing succeeds like success' is true in literature as in other professions.

—Prizes of \$500 and \$200 are offered by Mr. Henry Lomb, of Rochester, N. Y., for the two best essay on 'Practical, Sanitary, and Economic Cooking adapted to Persons of Moderate and Small Means,' that shall be sent to Dr. Irving A. Watson, Concord, N. H., by Sept. 15, 1888, with the writer's name in a sealed envelope. Dr. Watson is Secretary of the American Public Health Association.

—A. C. McClurg & Co. announce 'His Broken Sword,' by Miss Winnie L. Taylor. Dr. E. E. Hale, to whom it is dedicated, has read the book and is said to give it 'almost unqualified approval.'

—Archibald Forbes's life of the late Emperor of Germany, published by Cassell & Co., was the first to be issued after the Emperor's death. Ill health prevented Mr. Forbes's writing the last three chapters, which were added by Mr. John P. Jackson, who was a *Herald* correspondent during the Franco-Prussian war.

—Prof. Cappeller of Jena has in preparation an English edition of his Sanskrit dictionary, the German edition of which was completed last summer. Prof. Delbrück's 'Vedic Syntax,' a work to which he has devoted himself for six years, is soon to appear.

—A syndicate of newspapers have bought a new romance, 'The Outlaws of Tunstall Forest,' by R. L. Stevenson, for which they are said to have paid the author \$10,000. This is a good deal of money to pay for a story, but it is not, as one newspaper of the syndicate seriously declares, 'a larger sum than any firm of publishers or any magazine in the world could afford to bid.' In a recent number of *Harper's Monthly* there was an article, the illustrations of which alone cost \$2000. For a serial by one of the best known writers, \$5000 is an ordinary price to pay; and for the serial by Hay and Nicolay, now running in *The Century*, the publishers paid \$50,000.

—Prof. Moses Coit Tyler of Cornell will go to Europe in June for a year's study. Mrs. James T. Fields and Miss Sara Orne Jewett are at Aiken, S. C. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will go to California next week to visit her sister on the 'San Rosario Ranch.'

—Messrs. Harper will publish soon a volume called 'France and the Navy of the Confederate States: an International Episode,' by the Hon. John Bigelow. In this volume our late Minister to France gives a history of the intrigues and negotiations by which the Confederates secured official authorization to build in French ports in 1862-5 some of the most formidable vessels of war afloat, and the measures by which their delivery to the Confederate Government was prevented. An interesting feature of the work is the hitherto unpublished correspondence between the late Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State, and his agents, John Slidell in Paris and John M. Mason in London.

—Dr. Schliemann has gone to Egypt with Dr. Virchow, to discover the grave of Alexander the Great. The place where it is supposed to be is covered by a mosque, but the famous excavator intends to dig a tunnel, or have the whole building moved.

—Little, Brown & Co. have just published 'James Shirley,' by Edmund Gosse, in their curiously named Mermaid Series.

—Prof. R. C. Davis, of the University of Michigan, delivered at Columbia College on Tuesday of last week the second in his series of lectures on reading. His subject was 'Dramatic and Lyric Poetry.' He said :

The five greatest of American lyric poets may be briefly characterized thus: Bryant is the grave and melancholy, yet always reverential, poet; Longfellow is the passionless poet; love and hate in the superlative degree or even in the comparative degree are wanting; Lowell is the rounded poet who graces all things; Poe is the morbid and mystical poet, a sort of black cloud furrowed with lightning and resonant with thunder; Whittier is familiarly the Quaker poet, and the ideal Quaker spirit does look out of his sweet, winning face. In the number of our recent poets, dead but unplaced as yet, or living and producing, we fall below our English kin, and they will say we fall below them in the quality of the song. Well, we are no longer sensitive about what they say. Read all the living and producing poets, and give your approbation to the good they produce and your condemnation to the bad.

On Wednesday evening, Prof. Davis lectured on 'Fiction.'

—An article on 'Manual Education' in the current *Harper's Young People* contains more advanced ideas than any of the previous writings of its author, Mr. Charles H. Ham, of Chicago. Dr. Heber Newton contributes to the Easter number of this readable weekly magazine an article on the All-Souls' Summer Home for Children.

—The late Ex-Gov. Horace Fairbanks of Vermont, will be best remembered in that State by his gift of the St. Johnsbury Atheneum to the town of that name. The building, which is a fine one, contains 10,000 volumes and a valuable art gallery.

—A book called 'The Original Mr. Jacobs,' published by the Minerva Publishing Co., has been suppressed into notoriety. It is said to be a silly attack upon the Hebrew race, but it seems that it was not too silly to give offence to some of its members. The publishers threaten to sue the American News Co. for withdrawing the book from sale, and to take legal measures against certain Jews under the law that prohibits conspiracy.

—Archdeacon Farrar has given to Mr. George W. Childs the manuscript of his sermon or address delivered in St. Margaret's Church recently, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Milton window presented by Mr. Childs.

—A bas-relief of Louisa M. Alcott exhibited in a book-store in Boston is said to be the only portrait Miss Alcott ever had taken.

—*Shakspeariana* for March contains a bibliography by W. H. Fleming of first folio Shakspeare's owned in this city. The copies are owned by the Lenox Library, Columbia College, Charles H. Kalbfleisch, C. W. Frederickson, Elihu Chauncy, Robert Hoe, Henry F. Sewall, and Augustin Daly. The paper was read before the New York Shakspeare Society in January.

—Lawrence Barrett's 'Life of Edwin Forrest' —the original manuscript of it, at least—was sold for \$8 on the first day (Monday) of the sale of the Francis collection by Messrs. Bangs & Co. For a letter by the Rev. Philip Doddridge (Northampton, Dec. 22, 1750), the price paid was \$18.25. Forty-seven pages of the manuscript of a message to Congress by President Grant brought \$10.50. The highest price of the day (\$35.50) was paid for a letter by Dr. Johnson (Brightelmstone, Nov. 14, 1782). On Tuesday—the closing day—a letter of Poe's brought \$85.

—Belford, Clarke & Co. have in preparation an illustrated life of the late Emperor of Germany by Gen. Hermann Lieb, to which will be added a historical sketch of the German people from the earliest times to the foundation of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

—The third and last volume of Lea's 'History of the Inquisition' will be published by Harper & Bros. on April 3. It is devoted to an inquiry into the special fields of Inquisitorial activity, with chapters on witchcraft and sorcery; and contains a voluminous appendix of documents, together with an index to the three volumes.

—Two items in the London cable letter printed in last Tuesday's *Evening Post* will be read with general regret :

Information from a trustworthy source reaches me that Ruskin has developed unmistakable symptoms of mental aberration. While staying at Sandgate quite recently, he began acting strangely. He bought a number of bells and amused himself ringing them all day, much to the annoyance of the other guests, and finally became so violent that he had to be placed in a private asylum. Walter Bache, whose death is announced at the age of only forty-six years, made a great reputation here as a pianist, and was well known as the most prominent champion of the 'music of the future,' particularly that of Liszt. He was a genuine, unselfish enthusiast, and spent quite a fortune in popularizing the new school of music.

—Miss Amélie Rives's literary work, hitherto accessible only in the periodicals, is very soon to appear in book form. 'A Brother to Dragons, and Other Old-Time Tales' will be issued by the Harpers on April 3. The publication of this volume will doubtless add greatly to Miss Rives's reputation.

—Prof. Elliot Coues, the ornithologist, is said to be hard at work in his little den at the Smithsonian Institution preparing the natural history words that are to be used in the new Century Dictionary.

—'Partners,' by Robert Buchanan, which is to be given at the Madison Square Theatre on Monday evening, is founded on Daudet's 'Froment Jeune et Risler Ainé' (on which 'Sidonie' also was founded). Mr. A. M. Palmer says of it : 'The story in the original though extremely powerful is coarse in its immorality. Buchanan has done away with this, and while eliminating the actual guilt of the wife, he takes her so near the edge of the precipice as to retain the strength of the situation.'

—The April volumes in Ticknor's Paper Series will be 'The Led Horse Claim,' by Mary Hallock Foote, and 'Len Gansett,' by Opie P. Read.

—Yale College Library, the new memorial building for which Mr. S. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn, has given \$125,000, will be the largest college library building in the country, and—what is quite as much to the point—it will be absolutely fireproof.

—Princess Christian will contribute an article on 'Nursing as a Profession for Women' to the April *Woman's World*.

—Matthew Arnold's first poem, 'The Strayed Reveller,' was first published in 1849, and a copy of the edition of that date has just been advertised in London at 5/-.

—Col. Higginson writes in this week's *Independent* of William Austin—'A Precursor of Hawthorne.'

—The library of the late James Cotter Morison comprises about 7,000 volumes. The will directs that George Meredith and John Morley be allowed to select 100 volumes each from the collection.

—A number of theological teachers and writers met at 15 East Forty-third Street on Friday of last week and organized the American Society of Church History. Prof. Fisher of Yale presided. Dr. Schaff of Union Theological Seminary made a short address. A constitution was adopted and the following officers elected : President, Rev. Dr. Schaff ; Vice-Presidents, Bishop Coxe of Western New York, the Rev. Dr. George P. Fisher of Yale, the Rev. Dr. Moffat of Princeton and Prof. A. H. Newman of Toronto ; Secretary, the Rev. S. M. Jackson of New York ; additional members of the Council, the Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester of Boston, Prof. H. M. Scott of the Chicago Theological Seminary, Prof. Ephraim Emerton of Harvard, and C. E. Richardson. Applications for membership were received from the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott of *The Christian Union*, the Rev. Dr. Wendell Prime of *The Observer*, the Rev. Drs. John Hall and T. W. Chambers of this city, Prof. E. C. Smyth of Andover, President D. C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins, the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs of Brooklyn, Prof. H. C. Lee, Prof. B. O. True of Rochester, and Prof. Warfield of Princeton. Among those present were Prof. Ephraim Emerton, the Rev. Drs. Fisher and Moffat, Prof. Henry M. Baird of the University of the City of New York, Professor E. T. Bartlett of the Philadelphia Divinity School, the Rev. Dr. E. T. Corwin, the Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester, the Rev. Dr. H. M. MacCracken, Vice-Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, Prof. Francis Brown and Charles H. Briggs of Union Theological Seminary, the Rev. Samuel M. Jackson and Elliott F. Shepard.

## The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

## ANSWERS.

No. 1325.—3. 'And dream the dream of Auburn dell.' This unquestionably refers to the wooded hills and deep dell of 'Mount Auburn,' lying between Cambridge, Mass., and Watertown, and known fifty years ago as 'Sweet Auburn' before its use as a cemetery. It was then a great resort for the spring birds of which Emerson is speaking. He resided in Cambridge at two or three different times in his youth, and these lines may have been written there, or may have been a mere reminiscence.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

T. W. H.

No. 1327.—Dwight's poem in *The Dial* (No. 1) is much longer than you imply; consisting in all of seven four-line stanzas. That which you quote varies a little from your form of it, and should be printed thus:

Tis loving and serving  
The Highest and Best  
Tis ONWARDS! unwavering,  
And that is true rest.

T. W. H.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

[Similar corrections are received from C. P. C., C. F. R., and G. W. C.]

## QUESTIONS.

No. 1328.—Is there any English translation of the Niebelungen Lied, and of the Chronicle of Gregory of Tours? If not, in what form are they to be had in their original languages?

H. L. S.

[The most musical English version of the 'Lied' is W. N. Lettsom's, in verse of the 'Locksley Hall' metre. Scribner & Welford have it (\$3); also Simrock's translation of the poem into modern German (\$22). We do not know of any English translation of the Chronicle.]

No. 1329.—Please tell me who the third person is of whom Whittier writes in 'The Tent on the Beach,' when he mentions himself, the traveller (Bayard Taylor), and then one who seems to be a journalist from Boston?

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

M. E. U.

[In Mrs. Taylor's 'Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor,' Vol. II., Page

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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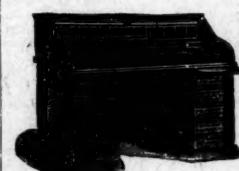
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